

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

Every Wednesday—Sixpence

FOUNDED BY
ARTHUR MEE

Week Ending 5th October, 1963



A French poacher was the only man who saw exactly what happened to the great airship

THE DAY THE AIRSHIP DIED . . .

SATURDAY, 5th October, is the 33rd anniversary of the disaster to the great British airship, R101, on her voyage from England to India, with a loss of 47 lives.

On that autumn night of 1930 thousands of French people were on the alert for the sound of the airship's powerful engines, each of which weighed 17 tons. The flight to India had been front page news. But only one man saw exactly what happened as the huge ship floated down to sudden death on a hillside near the Paris-Beauvais road.

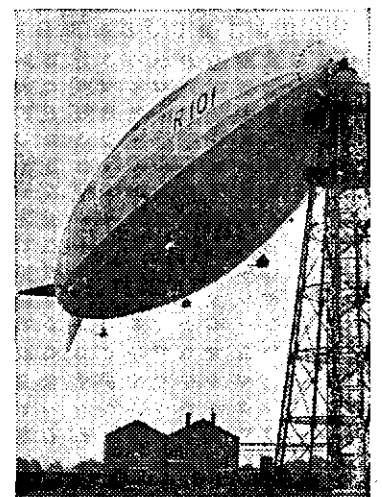
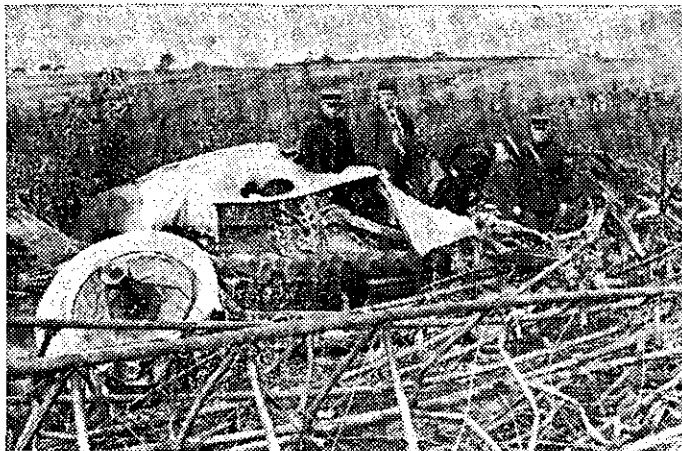
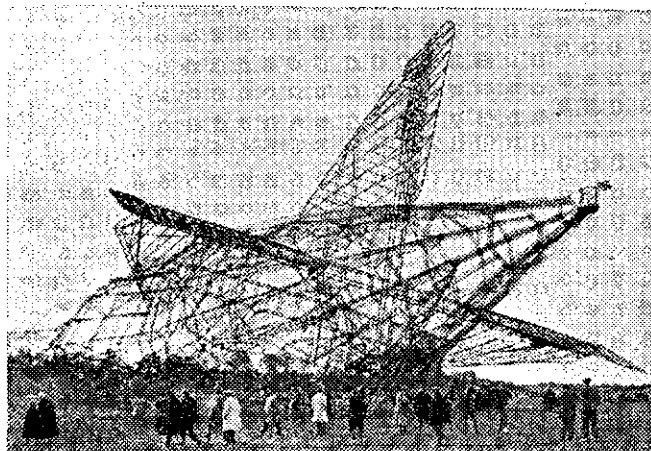
Disaster !

He was a poacher, out after rabbits on a night of rain and gusty wind. He heard the roar of her engines and then, terrifyingly close over the treetops, he saw the vast shape, bigger than an ocean liner. The airship lurched, dipped, hit the ground and slithered along the grass.

Then came the explosion as 5½ million cubic feet of hydrogen caught fire.

Six of the men aboard managed to dive through the burning fabric. The rest perished with the airship—and so did Britain's ambitious plans for promoting airship travel.

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The burnt-out skeleton of the great airship, R101, and a view of her as she was only a few hours earlier, at her mooring mast at Cardington, Beds. (right)

IN BRITAIN NOW



BLOOD MONEY BY BOTTLE POST

Two Yorkshire students from Leeds University on a 6,000-mile hitch-hiking holiday ran short of money in Athens. They'd had hardly any food for two days when someone told them they could each earn £3 by giving a pint of blood to a hospital. Early next morning they hurried along there, and earned enough for "a huge meal," and something over.

Launching bottles is the hobby of Mr. Brian Cole who lives near Spalding (Lincs.). He started it last summer on the Suffolk coast after finding four bottles containing messages. He has 30 helpers around Britain who throw his bottles into the sea, and already he has received 250 replies—many of them in foreign languages.

JUST 3 oz. OF SPANISH OWL!



LIFT BRIDGE

An old railway "drawbridge" over Deptford Creek, London, which has to be lifted by 12 men whenever a vessel wants to pass below it, is to be replaced in December by a modern lift bridge.

The old wooden bridge was erected in 1838 as part of the first railway from London Bridge to Deptford. Its two sides have to be wound up by hand, and, before opening it, rails have to be removed and the electric power for the third rail disconnected.

One man will operate the new bridge by pushing a button.

This little specimen of the Scops Owl, an occasional visitor to Britain, comes from Spain, and is now to be seen at the London Zoo. It is six inches high and weighs only three ounces. It doesn't hoot but gives a melancholy little whistle.

TOUGH TRAINING

Boys taking the course at the new sea-training school at Sunderland (Co. Durham) are in for a rough time. They will be expected to put to sea in all weathers in their 40-foot converted lifeboat, and to ride out storms with hatches battened down. Sometimes they will have to sweep snow from the deck and face icy winds.

The idea is to show them just how tough life at sea can be. If they still want to be sailors at the end of the course, they are made of the right stuff.

Their boat, the *Wearsider*, is self-righting, and is fitted with radio and every safety precaution for use in fog or in case of an engine failure.

OFF CAPS

Boys of Sherwood Technical School at Mansfield, Nottinghamshire, need no longer wear caps, unless they are prefects.

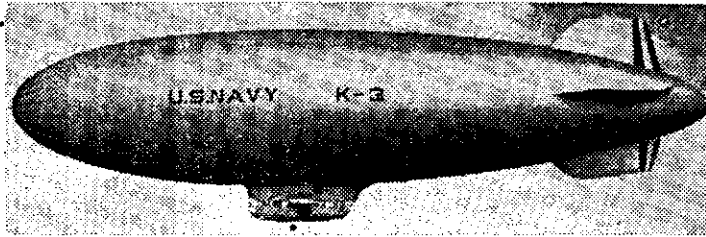
It seems to me...

OUR front-page story this week raises a fascinating question; namely, what would have happened to air travel if this and similar disasters hadn't happened? Would we now be seeing giant airships overhead?

It seems unlikely, since speed is the all-important

in the Second World War.

One of the airship's main disadvantages is that it is so vulnerable to the wind. I remember that, when I was aboard a destroyer steaming along the American coast, one of the Navy dirigibles I have just mentioned escorted us for a few miles. All the time it was



A modern U.S. Navy airship

thing in the air, and airships could never compete with planes in this respect.

But airships continued to have their uses. For example, small dirigibles were used to patrol the coasts of the United States

with us, it was soaring and pitching dizzily, at one moment almost touching the top of our mast—or so it seemed—and the next a hundred feet above it. Its crew were having a much rougher ride than we were!

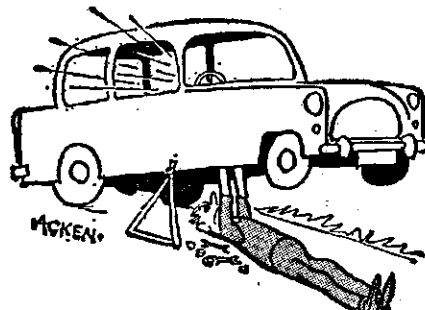
ONE of the pleasures of being the Editor of CN is the correspondence I get from readers all over the world. Many of these letters are extremely interesting, and I only wish there was enough room in the paper to publish more of them. However, I'm only too happy to reply personally to those which don't get into print—that is, provided you give me an address to reply to.

Vicky and I have each had a letter this week which we can't answer because in one case the address is insufficient, while in the other there isn't one at all. These two letters are from Roger Wood and S. Budeny; so, if they would like to let us know where they live...

Finally, I hope you like this "number three" issue of our new-style CN.

The Editor

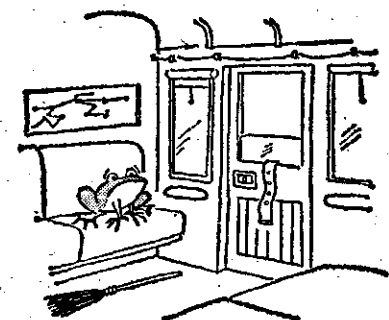
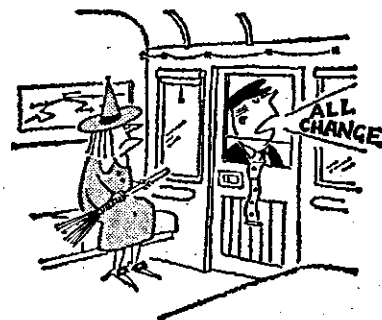
LAUGH TIME



"And now, as you glide along in your car, listen to..."



"It's all very well for you..."



PLANE CAUGHT KITE!

A high-flying box-kite nearly brought down an Auster aircraft at Clacton-on-Sea the other day. The kite's string became entangled in the propeller, and the pilot had to make a forced landing.

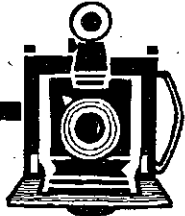
Under the Air Navigation Code, kites may not be flown to more than 200 feet above the ground, or within three miles of an airstrip. This time the culprit was let off with a caution!

"I'm surf riding"



"I thought you said they were playing away today."





KNOW YOUR NEWS

QUARRELS ROUND THE WORLD

LAST month turned out to be one of the year's worst so far. In the FAR EAST the new Malaysia federation was born on 16th September amid fire and bloodshed.

Britain backed the federation. She hoped it would unite in one happy family ten million people in her former colonies of Malaya, Singapore, Sarawak and Sabah (North Borneo).

But President Sukarno, who rules 95 million Moslems in neighbouring Indonesia, thought otherwise. So did President Macapagal of the Philippines.

Both refused to recognise Malaysia—and then the mobs got

their guerrilla war. Its aim: to take over the country, which the United States subsidises.

But in the UNITED STATES itself there was fresh trouble.

In Birmingham, Alabama, more tragedy resulted from attempts to send Negro children to all-white schools. This time someone hurled a bomb into a crowded Negro church. Four little Negro girls were killed.

In AFRICA there was ferment over South Africa's refusal to change her *apartheid* policy, which makes her Negro population second-class citizens.

Independent African States now threaten to combine to "liberate" their fellow-Negroes in central and southern Africa.

Both BRITAIN and the US showed signs of "electionitis."

In the next few months campaigning will begin for next year's American Presidential election.

And a British general election seems not very far away.

By our
Special Correspondent

busy. In Jakarta, Indonesia's capital, the British embassy went up in flames. In the Malaysian capital, Kuala Lumpur, rioters set fire to the Indonesian embassy.

In the same region, South Vietnam was still simmering in a near civil-war atmosphere.

Buddhist monks complained that the Roman Catholic Government of President Ngo Dinh Diem was persecuting them. Several monks burned themselves to death as a protest.

Chinese-backed Communists seized the opportunity to step up



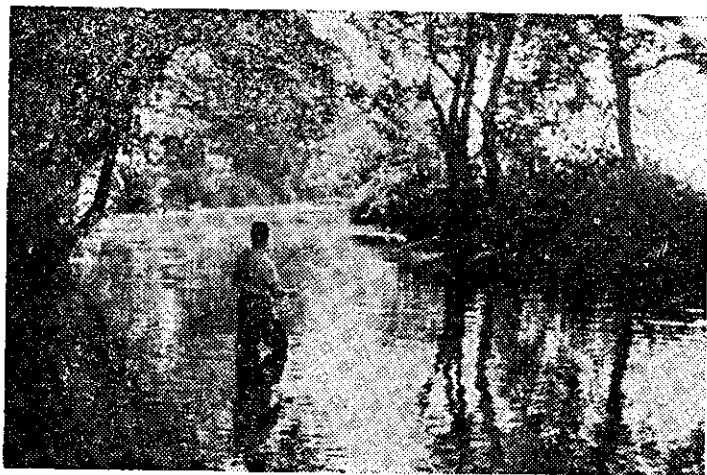
Placard-carrying demonstrators during the Negro march on Washington last month and (right) a similar scene in South Vietnam



READERS' LETTERS



SHAUN'S A FISHERMAN-PHOTOGRAPHER



Dear Sir,—My hobbies are fishing and photography. I took this photograph of my father fishing on the River Creedy, a tributary of the Exe, for trout.

There is an abundant supply of trout in these waters, the stretch shown probably containing about 40 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 lb. trout, and at certain times of the year an occasional salmon.

I am better at coarse fishing than at game fishing. My best catches were a 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. carp and a tench of the same size. I am only just learning to fly-fish but I find it more exciting.

Shaun Russell (12), Topsham, near Exeter.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO JOIN THE JOURNO-NOMOLOGISTS CLUB?

Dear Sir,—Not long ago you published one of my letters appealing for newspaper titles. I answered as many as I could (about 50) and now I would like to take the opportunity of thanking through your paper those who I am unable to thank personally.

But now to the main point of this letter. I had letters from approximately eight other "Journo-Nomologists" and so Mr. Chris Robinson and I are forming a Journo-Nomologists Club to

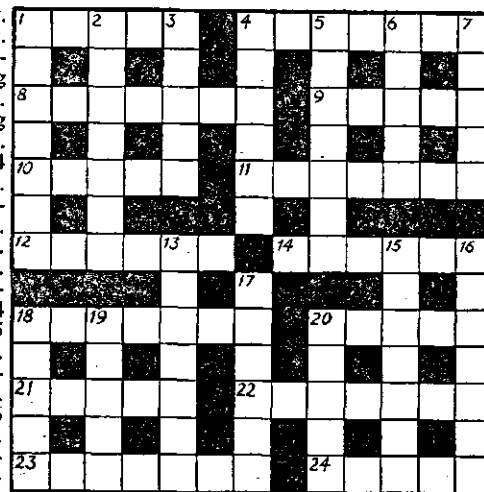
cater for anyone interested in collecting titles of newspapers, magazines, comics, etc.; or are interested in journalism in any form. We will exchange swops, information, and probably have a chain magazine.

If any CN readers are interested in joining, they would be most welcome. Membership will, of course, be free and we are calling ourselves the "Journo-Nomologists Club of Great Britain."

Richard Lacy, 43 Woodland Grove, Coombe Dingle, Bristol.

Crossword puzzle

ACROSS: 1 Bay. 4 Supernatural event. 8 US President associated with abolishing slavery. 9 Utter. 10 Gleam. 11 Daring gymnastic performer. 12 Shallow lake. 14 Ripe. 18 Expanded. 20 Internal. 21 Understand. 22 Uncommon. 23 Passage. 24 Senior. DOWN: 1 Unlawful. 2 Yearning. 3 Freshwater game fish. 4 Book of instruction. 5 Daydream. 6 Mount. 7 Build. 13 Eight-legged marine creature. 15 Drooping. 16 Songster. 17 Rectify. 18 Finger. 19 Camel-like animal. 20 Acustom.



Answers on page 12

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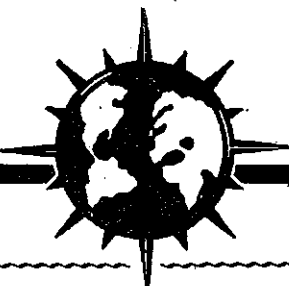
FULLY OCCUPIED

Dear Sir,—Just recently I went on a very enjoyable holiday at Salcombe, in South Devon. We camped in tents and there was a variety of activities to choose from.

You could swim, canoe, sail, climb, or take part in various other sports. Occasionally outings were organised to such places as Plymouth or Dartmoor.

The camp was called "Inter-Schools Camp," and was organised by the Christian Union. This holiday is open to nearly everybody and I recommend it.

Hugh Webb (14), Street, Somerset.



THIS WIDE WORLD

DOUBLE-TOUGH

Commando soldiers of the Royal Artillery who have been training in America were described by papers there as "double-tough" British troops. This was because of their cliff-scaling demonstration in Oklahoma, which newspapermen said was as dramatic as a war film.

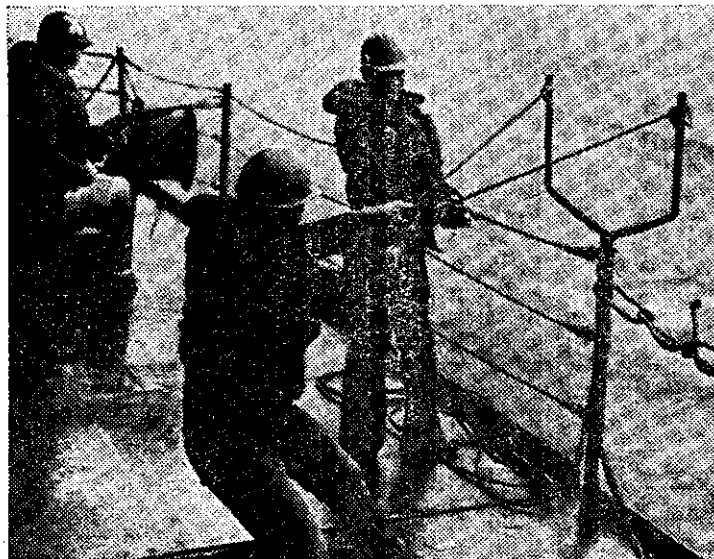
The Commandos hauled howitzer guns 200 feet up the cliff, and then descended by "death-defying slides" down ropes.

SPEED-TRAIN

Paris and Brussels can claim the fastest service between any two European capitals. At an average speed of 77 mph, a new electric train, the *Brabant*, does the run in two-and-a-half hours—15 minutes less than when diesels were used.

The electric currents on French and Belgian railways are different, but the *Brabant* is capable of running on either.

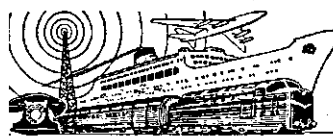
Electric trains now run all the way from Amsterdam to Reggio di Calabria, on the southern tip of Italy.



SHIP-TO-SHIP CATAPULT

US attack-carrier *Shangri-La* shoots a line by catapault to an attendant oil tanker. The line will be used to haul in the tanker's fuel pipe. The catapault can shoot a light line up to 200 feet, but not so hard as to hurt anyone.

BRIEFLY...



Singlet and return

An African wearing only shorts and singlet stowed away in an airliner at Freetown, Sierra Leone, thinking it was going to make a trip round the airport. Instead, it flew him non-stop to Gatwick—3,047 miles away. He has now been returned to Freetown.

Porpoise watching

Two London scientists have formed a "porpoise observer corps." Members keep a look-out round the coasts and report where and when they have seen porpoises and dolphins, how near the shore they were, and the weather conditions.

Eleven boys and two masters of Rossall School (Lancashire) camped for three weeks on the uninhabited Shiant Islands, between Harris and Skye. They did research work for universities in geology and freshwater biology, and made bird surveys and weather observations.

Beginner's luck

On his first fishing lesson from his grandfather, eight-year-old Charles Corrie of Chipstead, Surrey, caught a 30-lb. salmon in the River Tay, Scotland.

Shell-treasure on view

A unique collection of shells from the Great Barrier Reef, Queensland, including pearl shells, clams, olives, cones, cowries, nautilus, and pencil shells, is on view until 8th October at Queensland House, 409 Strand, London.

France's first national park, about 85 square miles, is La Vanoise in the Savoy Alps.

A village of about 8,000 years ago has been discovered in the Jordan Valley, Israel, by French archaeologists.

NO PEACE NEAR THE MINE

Living near a uranium mine is no fun at all, according to French villagers in the Haute-Vienne department. They have signed a protest which says that blasting operations shake their homes and damage the older houses; powerful mine ventilators make a terrible noise that keeps them awake at night; unpleasant smells force them to keep their windows closed both summer and winter. As well as all this, water from the mine turns the grass a reddish colour, and excavations cause holes suddenly to appear in their fields.

It is possible that they may be given new—and more peaceful—homes elsewhere.

HAWKS AND GLIDERS

RAF men in Aden who go in for spare-time gliding, have to watch out for the wiles of kite-hawks, big birds that resent the presence of others in the rising air currents in which they are doing some gliding themselves. Pilots have reported that the kite-hawks deliberately lead them into down-draughts, and then flap around them in mocking circles as they lose height.

Sometimes the birds swoop threateningly towards the gliders, but one that struck a sailplane's wing broke its neck and since then, the airmen say, the others have been careful to make only mock attacks.

NOUVELLES DE BELGIQUE

Message en Bouteille

Après avoir parcouru près de mille kilomètres en un an, une bouteille renfermant le message d'un enfant belge et jetée à la mer au large d'Ostende au début de Septembre 1962, a été recueillie en Norvège, à Tvedestrand, sur le Skagerak.

Sur 1160 bouteilles lancées en même temps à l'occasion d'un concours de vacances, plus de cinq cents ont été recueillies. Plus de la moitié avaient été portées par les courants vers l'Angleterre, les autres vers les côtes hollandaises, et les îles allemandes de la Frise.

A 10s. 6d. book token will be awarded for what the Editor considers the best translation received by Wednesday, 9th October. Send to: Nouvelles de Belgique, Children's Newspaper, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. 14th September winner: Anthony C. Culley, Stella Maris, Burnt Hill, Boundstone, Farnham, Surrey.

SCHOOL FILM-MAKERS

A film made by under fifteen-year-olds at a Melbourne grammar school won the Grand Prize at an international contest in Milan sponsored by Unesco. Called *Friends After the Joke*, it is a humorous story about a school-boy escapade.

Australia also won the Milan contest's prize in the "single author" 16 to 18 age group. It went to Lynne Fowler for her film, *Two Friends and a Cat*, a story about a girl, her boyfriend, and a cat.

SUPERSONIC!

That's this year's terrific LION ANNUAL! Enthralling picture stories of the Air include the full-colour adventures of Fighter Ace Paddy Payne and the hair-raising escapes of Sky-High Bannion manoeuvring veteran planes in impossible situations! There's a vivid description of the searching training that went to forge a Spitfire Pilot of World War II, and thrilling adventure stories of rockets and weird machines that arrive on earth from unseen and unknown powers in Outer Space.



Don't miss YOUR 1964

LION ANNUAL

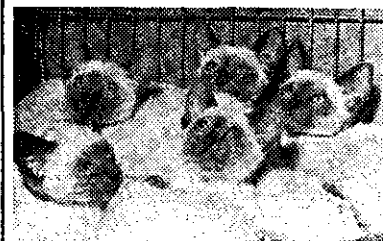
READY NOW! 8/6d. (Price applies to UK only)

Coming Events

BISLEY: Lots of keen shots compete in the Annual Cadet Rifle Meeting at Bisley, Surrey, this weekend.



LONDON AND GLASGOW: London's Royal Festival Hall will be hearing the Vienna Boys Choir next week (7th Oct.). It goes to Glasgow on 11th.



LONDON: Next Tuesday is miaoows-day—when the Siamese Cat Club's Championship is held at Seymour Hall, London.



MAIDENHEAD: Famous prize-winning Jersey cow, Cressida, from the Royal Dairy Farm, Windsor, will be at the East Berks Show, Maidenhead, on Saturday.





SPECIALLY FOR GIRLS

AUTUMN'S a wonderful time—full of lovely sights, sounds and scents; the smell of wood fires and chrysanthemums; the beauty of scarlet berries; the sound of fallen leaves crackling underfoot . . . but leaves in the garden—well, that's different! (See "Clare's Idea," below.)

SAUSAGE and MASH

THE two lion cubs (shown below with Carol Burgess) are called Sausage and Mash and they belong to Flamingo Park Zoo, North Yorkshire, where Carol works as an assistant.

To help settle the cubs, Carol kept them at her flat and fed them twice a day on mince and milk. There was no trouble about either one having the lion's share, for they were fed alike.

Surprisingly enough, the cubs liked "pop" music, so when Carol found they were getting a little too boisterous, she switched on the radio and they would settle down to listen like a couple of "cool cats."

Now they are at the zoo, Sausage and Mash are just a couple of playful ruffians.



SISTERS



"You can stop saying uh-huh, uh-huh, I finished talking five minutes ago!"

CLARE'S IDEA

CLARE FREBOM, of Wallington, asks for "Helping in the Home Hints," to include gardening, cooking, painting and wall-papering. Quite a list, Clare!

For a start, how about helping in the garden by sweeping up all the dead leaves which are now piling up? When you've made them into a heap, it's a good idea to cover it with an upturned bucket, wheelbarrow or something, to stop them blowing about.

THEY'VE GOT 'DRIVE'

YOUNG Scotland v. Young Wales clashed on Gunnersbury Park Golf Course, Chiswick, recently when nine-year-old Susan Phillips of Greenford, Middlesex, played against eight-year-old Bronwen Lloyd-Williams of Willesden, London.

Susan, in her Highland dress, appears to have made a good shot, while Bronwen, in the Welsh national costume, doesn't seem to be unduly worried as she waits for her turn.



FAITHFUL SMOKEY

SMOKEY is a little grey cat who slipped his lead at a bus stop while on holiday last year. Heart-broken, his 15-year-old mistress, Mary Reynolds, of Essex, had to return home without him.

On a return holiday this year, while Mary waited at the same bus stop, Smokey suddenly appeared and gave her a most

wonderful welcome! For a whole year he had lived under a hedge near the bus stop, confidently waiting for Mary's return.

Vicky

LOOKING AT THE SKY

by Patrick Moore

BIG RED SPOT ON JUPITER

JUPITER, the Giant Planet, is now a splendid object in the night sky. It is so brilliant that it cannot be confused with any other star or planet, and it will remain prominent until the end of the year.

Jupiter is a tremendous world. It is very cold, and it is made up of gas, so that no life could be expected there. It takes almost 12 years to complete one journey around the Sun, but its own "day" is very short, amounting to less than ten hours. It is more than 1,300 times the size of the Earth, but its mass (the quantity of matter it contains) is only 317 times as great as that of our world.

Cloud Belts

When you look at Jupiter through a telescope, you will see a yellowish, rather flattened disc crossed by streaks which are known as cloud belts. There are also other features, such as spots, and it is one of these, the Great Red Spot, which has attracted much attention.

Most of the features on Jupiter shift and change; for, after all, you cannot have permanent formations in a mass of swirling gas. The Red Spot, however, has been seen at intervals for several centuries, and may be regarded as semi-permanent.

It became conspicuous in 1878, when it was brick-red in colour. It was then 30,000 miles long and 7,000 miles broad, so that its surface area was greater than that of the Earth. Since then it has faded somewhat, and has even disappeared at times.

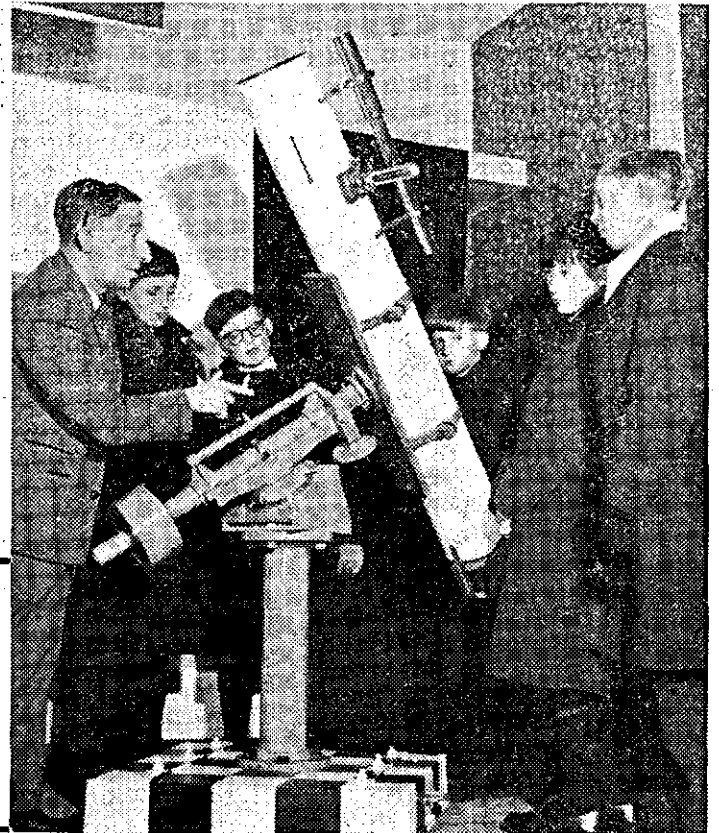
The Red Spot lies in Jupiter's southern hemisphere. It never moves much towards or away from the planet's equator, but it does drift about in longitude, and so it cannot be the top of a giant volcano, as used to be thought possible! In any case, the red colour is certainly not due to heat. Jupiter's temperature is always more than 200 degrees below zero.

There are reasons for thinking that the Spot is a solid or semi-solid body floating in Jupiter's outer gas. This would explain why it sometimes disappears. If it sinks, it will be covered up by the surface gas, and will not be seen. When it rises once more, it will come back into view. This is the idea put forward by B. M. Peek, a British amateur astronomer who has become one of the world's leading authorities on Jupiter.

Neither are we sure whether the Spot is associated with the solid surface of Jupiter. In fact, we are not sure whether Jupiter has a solid surface at all. According to one theory, there is a central rocky core, surrounded by a thick layer of ice which is in turn overlaid by the deep atmosphere of gas. But the British astronomer Ramsey has made the alternative suggestion that Jupiter is gaseous all the way through.

THIS IS HOW

This amateur astronomer's telescope is 4 ft. 6 in. long, has a 6½ in. mirror, and took three years of spare time to build. It is being shown to some boys of the Sir George Monoux Grammar School, Walthamstow, by its maker, Mr. Francis Carter.



At any rate, the Red Spot is a high-altitude object, and at the moment it seems to be lying almost on top of the Belt. What will happen during the next few months we do not know. The Spot may remain in view, or it may sink again and be lost to sight for a while. We must simply wait and see.

To see the Red Spot, you need

a telescope. A reflector with a six-inch mirror will do excellently. In September this year I was able to observe the Spot with a small portable refractor of three inches aperture.

During recent years, it has been found that Jupiter sends us radio waves as well as visible light. These radio waves are collected by special radio telescopes, and at

present two astronomers, F. W. Hyde in England and C. Barrow in America, are carrying out a close study of them. There is a chance that the Red Spot is an emitter of radio waves.

In every way, then, Jupiter is a fascinating world, and it is well worth looking at through a telescope whenever you have the chance.

TAKE A LOOK AT NATURE



THOSE TIRESOME WORDS

I SOMETIMES get impatient and wish that words like "largest," "fiercest," "fastest" had never been invented. For, in the world of natural history, they can be very tiresome.

It is not to be wondered at that boys and girls wish to know which is the strongest or heaviest animals. But too much importance should not be attached to these adjectives. They can lead to false ideas.

I am always being asked which is the strongest animal. When I seem to hesitate over my reply I can almost read my questioner's thoughts: "He doesn't know!"

It is not always as simple as that. It is easy to say that an elephant trained in rolling and pushing logs of teak—a very heavy wood—must be the strongest because it can do this work. But then it is possible that a fully-grown hippopotamus might be strong enough to move a teak log if it was adapted by nature to do so.

Ants the strongest?

I suppose that ants might be called the strongest creatures, because some of them can pull along a twig or other object which is many times their own weight.

Speed is another subject that intrigues young naturalists. "What is the fastest animal?" is a favourite question. It may seem easy to find out, but so many different aspects have to be taken into consideration.

A swift flies very fast indeed; but does it travel as fast as a peregrine falcon when it "stoops"

(swoops downwards) on its prey? It is almost impossible to work these speeds out accurately. That lovely graceful cat, the cheetah, is generally recognised as being the fastest land mammal over shortish



distances; but even the cheetah cannot keep up top speed for very long.

The fiercest of animals is yet another trap for the unwary.



Above: Wild cat. Left: Larva of the Great Diving Beetle

Tigers, wild cats or leopards are often chosen for this title. But buffaloes and wild boars are probably just as fierce under certain conditions. I am sure, too, that some comparatively small pond creatures would qualify. The larva of the Great Diving Beetle, is, I think, the fiercest and most voracious animal to be found in a pond or lake.

by
Maxwell Knight

It is important to think of the particular behaviour, or size, of the animal you are interested in with reference to its habits and mode of life. You cannot truly compare the agility of a squirrel with that of some lizards—both are extremely agile in their own ways and in their own surroundings. One should avoid thinking that a squirrel is more agile than a lizard because the circumstances under which they display their agility are different.



HOW WE RUN OUR COUNTRY

EMPLOYERS' ASSOCIATIONS

JUST as workers group themselves together in trade unions, so employers may form employers' associations.

The main aims of these associations are very similar to those of the trade unions—they try to establish suitable terms and conditions of employment and so on, the only difference being that they, naturally, see some of the questions which arise from the employers' point of view.

Generally, these associations are organised on the basis of particular industries. Some are local and deal with a section of an industry—a group of printing firms in a certain

area, for example; others are nation-wide and are concerned with the whole of an industry. And in some of the chief industries the local associations are organised into national federations.

Altogether there are some 1,500 employers' associations in Britain. About 80 of these are national federations.

Just as the trade unions belong to the TUC, so the employers' associations belong to the British

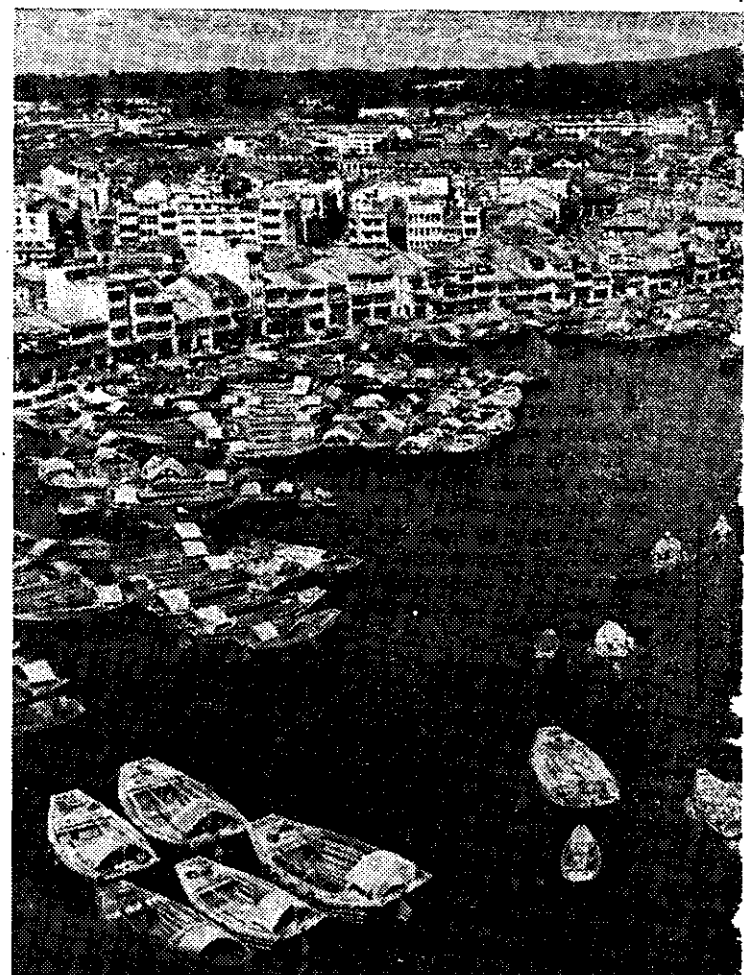
Employers' Confederation. The Confederation now numbers 52 separate organisations employing about 70 per cent. of the workers in "private enterprise" firms. ("Private Enterprise" means that they are not run by the Government. The Government-controlled industries are not members of the Employers' Confederation.) The Confederation's business is managed by a council which meets under the chairmanship of the President, and on which every member-organisation is represented.

The Confederation deals with matters concerning its members and their relations with their workers. It gives them advice and provides them with information. In fact the Employers' Confederation acts very much for employers as the Trades Union Congress does for employees.

Next week:
WORKING TOGETHER
(The last in our "Trade Union" series)



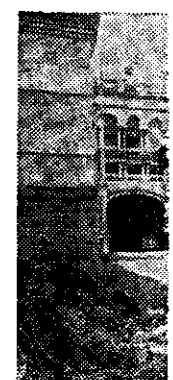
Representatives of employers and unions judging a safety competition



Lighters at Singapore waiting to transfer cargo



Trouble in Brunei: Royal Navy helicopter lands in the jungle



Girls



Op



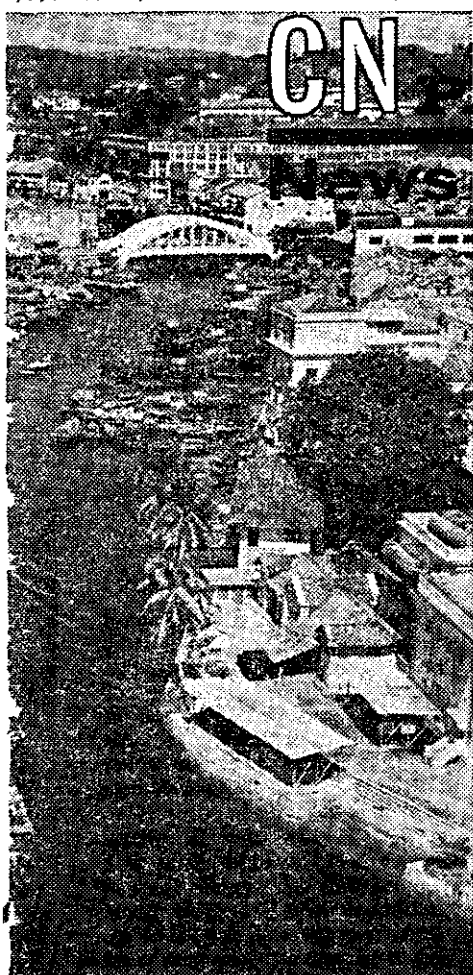
Dyak solo

paper, 5th October, 1963

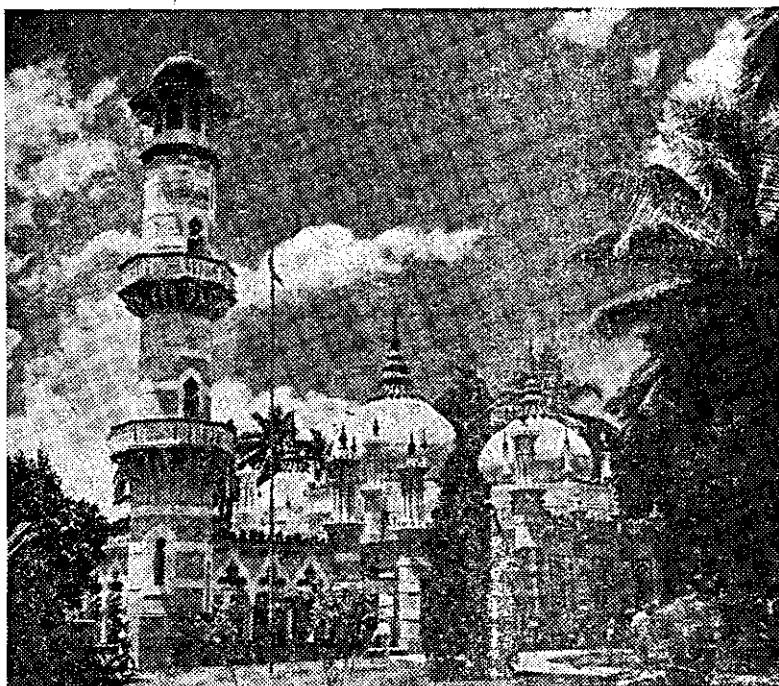
7

CN PANORAMA

News in Pictures



from ships to warehouses



Minaret (prayer-tower) and domes of the chief mosque in Kuala Lumpur, Malaya's capital



Black cotton dress and belt of fine cane for a Borneo beauty

MALAYSIA IN THE MAKING

Scenes of Peace in Troubled Territories



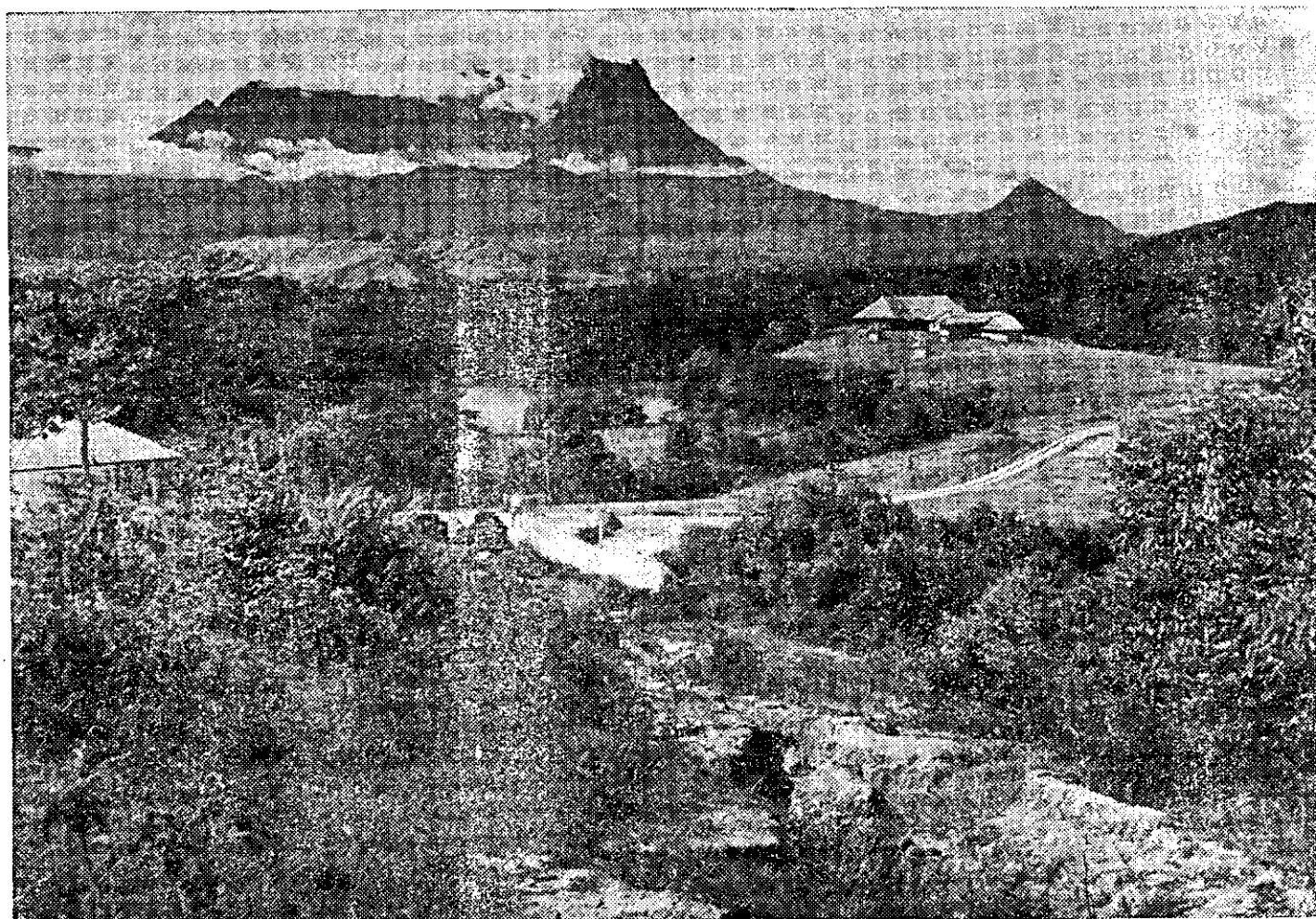
do road work in Kuala Lumpur



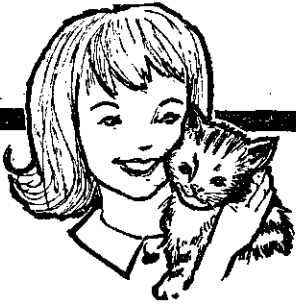
en-air restaurant in Singapore



iers in a Sarawak waterside village



Mt. Kinabalu, 13,500 feet, is North Borneo's (Sabah) highest peak. It is believed to be the resting-place of departed souls



PETS CORNER

WHEN YOUR TORTOISE GOES OFF ITS FEED

I have had a lot of inquiries about the care of terrapins, lizards, frogs, and toads. How to prepare these pets for hibernation seems to worry many pet-keepers, and so this may be a good time for some general notes on the care of reptiles and amphibians.

Terrapins, which are often described wrongly as "turtles", are really freshwater tortoises. The penny-sized green kinds often sold by pet stores are not easy to keep in our climate and really need a tank heated to 78 deg. F. if they are to thrive. Like other terrapins they are carnivorous and require some form of live food. But this has to be small enough for them to eat, and not everyone is able to find supplies of water-fleas or white-worms.

Separate bowl

Some baby terrapins will take finely scraped raw meat or fish. But this diet soon fouls the water in their tank and so it is better to feed them in a separate bowl of water and then put them back after the meal.

The larger and hardy European Pond Tortoise makes a much better pet. It eats earthworms and small pieces of raw meat and will hibernate successfully.

All terrapins should be housed in a tank containing about four

by
Katharine Tottenham

inches of water, with a flat stone or turf arranged to form an island on which they can rest. They like to bask in the sun occasionally but care must be taken to insure that the glass tank does not become too warm for their comfort. The water should be changed at least twice a week.

Pet land tortoises and hardy terrapins may be treated in the same way when the time comes for them to hibernate. This will be in late October or early November according to the weather. The creatures will gradually go off their food and begin to search for a sleeping place, which should be prepared in advance.

A wooden box is the best container and this should be filled with short dry grass or leaves, or even shredded newspaper, to make a comfortable bed. A reptile that is ready to sleep will burrow down and settle. The box should then be kept in a cool, dry place,

safe from rats and frost, and left undisturbed until, about next March, a warm spell will wake the sleepers.

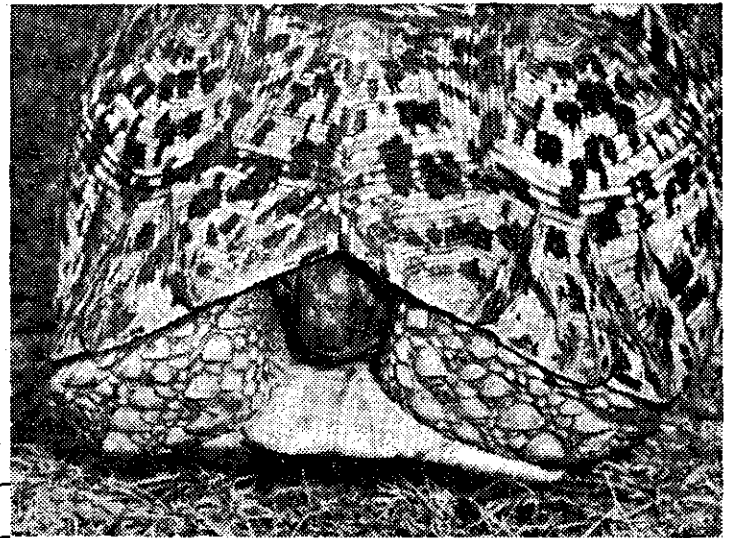
Lizards, too, will sleep during the winter. Those kept in a vivarium (an enclosure arranged so that they live in their natural

Forty winks for a tortoise
Jane Burton

conditions) usually select a place and curl up. When this happens, leave them where they are but add a covering of small dry leaves and fine grass mixed with a little dry earth. Then keep the vivarium in the same conditions as the tortoise's hibernation box.

Frogs and toads also go off their natural diet of earthworms and various crawling insects in preparation for the winter, and, when they have settled in a chosen spot, their tank or vivarium can be filled with leaves in the same way as I have described for reptiles.

All these creatures can be kept awake and active throughout the winter if given artificial heat and light, but this is not good for them. Hibernating is natural and they will thrive much better for their annual rest.



WHAT JOHN'S TORTOISE TAUGHT US

John Norman, a 14-year-old schoolboy of Ipswich, claims he has proved that 100,000 years ago Suffolk was as warm as the Riviera. (It isn't now!)

John's hobby is geology and he has found the remains of a European pond tortoise in the valley of the River Stour. It is known that this tortoise needs a Riviera type climate in order to breed and John's find shows what East Anglia's climate was like in prehistoric times.

John intends to be a museum geologist himself when he grows up.

ALIVE—ALIVE OH!

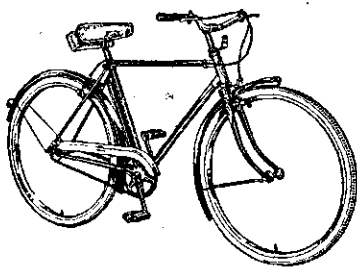
Despatching valuable tropical fish alive by rail sounds a risky undertaking. But it is a routine matter for Mr. McNerny of Ewhurst, Surrey, who is one of the leading breeders in this country. Every week he sends about 1,000 specimens to customers all over Britain.

The fish are sent in plastic bags holding a little water and pumped full of oxygen from a pressurised cylinder. This keeps them alive and well for 72 hours. The bags are put into cardboard boxes and wedged with hay or nylon packing to keep in the heat—tropical fish need temperatures of 75 to 80 degrees Fahrenheit. Before the fish leave, a telegram is sent telling the customer when to meet them.

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SCIENCE SURVEY

EXPLORING THE UNKNOWN

SCIENTISTS in white coats making painstaking experiments in elaborately equipped laboratories may not look like explorers, but that is what they are. While other explorers are probing mountains and jungles, the seas' depths or the mysteries of outer space, scientists are also venturing into the unknown.

Sometimes their discoveries affect us all, sometimes only certain people, but all are exciting and important. For instance, we spend a third of our lives sleeping. Think of the millions of hours a day that adds up to, throughout the world! If some of these hours could be put to better use without affecting our health, what a tremendous advantage that would be.

Water sleep

American scientists studying this problem have found that, if we sleep afloat in a heated bath with a ten per-cent concentration of salt, we can squeeze the benefits of eight hours of sleep into 3½ hours of water-borne slumber. This is deep, almost weightless sleep.

But whether it is good for our health to spend hours in water each night is another problem for scientists to solve.

THE solution of one problem often produces another difficulty, as it did with penicillin. This is certainly a wonderful germ

penicillin makes ill. If the tests are successful, doctors may be using this new drug before long.

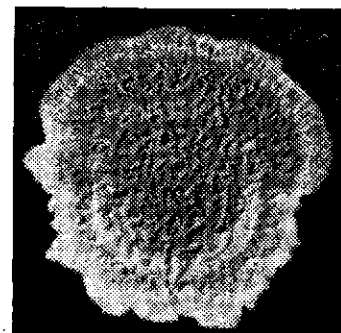
COMMUNICATIONS is another important field of science. In Israel, work is being undertaken to enable people who are deaf and dumb to "talk" over the telephone. A special device has been made for transmitting vibrations from the sender's fingers to a "listener," who feels, through his fingers, the vibrations reproduced on a thin metal disc.

Eating a spaceship!

For this, words would be converted into a special code. It is said that this method could also be used for sending messages from space-ships . . . when the space man is not busily eating the interior of his vehicle!

This may sound absurd, but it is possible, for the Americans are reported to have suggested making their spaceships' partitions and shelves from blocks of dried food. At meal times, the space man may simply break off a lump of food, crumble it and mix it with water. Hey presto, a nourishing soup!

But what does the spaceman use for storage when the cupboards and partitions have been eaten? Clearly, as was mentioned earlier, the solution of one problem often leads to another.



Microscopic cells producing the new cephalosporin antibiotic

killer which helps to cure many diseases. However, germs resistant to it have developed, and penicillin makes some people ill instead of well.

Consequently, British scientists have spent 13 years conducting research into a new group of germ-killing antibiotics called cephalosporins. One of this group, called Cephalosporin-C, is similar to penicillin, but it can also fight the germs that kill or resist penicillin. And it does not seem to harm people whom

Part Three of CN'S own presentation of one of William Shakespeare's most amusing plays— The Taming of the Shrew



Although Bianca Minola has many admirers and her bad-tempered sister, Katharina, none, their father Baptista insists Katharina must marry first. Happily, along comes Petruchio (with Hortensio, Tranio, Lucentio and Gremio). Petruchio seems more interested in Katharina than her gentle sister.

After the visitors have introduced themselves to Baptista, Petruchio tells him he's heard of Katharina's shyness, modesty and charm and asks to meet her. Baptista is amazed and cautiously asks Petruchio if he's sure it's Katharina he's heard about. "Certainly," replies Petruchio. "She sounds the sweetest girl in the world! I've brought along a music master, hoping it will please you to hear Katharina play. I'm sure she will play like an angel!"



Greatly surprised at Petruchio's announcement, the tutors leave to begin the music lessons with Bianca and Katharina, while Baptista talks at great length with Petruchio, telling him he may find Katharina a little difficult at times—an idea Petruchio lightly dismisses. Suddenly Hortensio reappears with his lute rammed over his head complaining that Katharina doesn't seem to like music! "Neither does she like me," he says, ruefully rubbing his sore head.



"That's a girl with spirit," laughs Petruchio. "I'm more interested in Katharina than ever!" Hortensio thinks Petruchio must be mad, while Baptista shakes his head in disbelief as he goes to find Katharina, telling Petruchio he will send her to him. When she storms into the room, Petruchio makes a sweeping bow and asks: "Are you sweet, charming Kate, the most beautiful girl in Padua?" Furiously, Katharina says, "My name is Katharina!"



Understandingly Petruchio nods his head. "In that case I shall call you Kathar-in-ella!" "Are you stupid or deaf or both?" shouts Katharina, stamping her foot in temper. "I said Katharina! Katharina's my name." Ignoring her outburst, Petruchio continues to pay her compliments: "Charming Kathar-in-ella! Beautiful Kathar-in-ella! Sometimes shrewish Kathar-in-ella but in future my Kathar-in-ella!" "Never!" screams Katharina in a rage.



Fuming, and red in the face with temper, Katharina declares, "I'd rather stay single all my life than marry you!" At which Petruchio kneels and murmurs sweetly: "Your words make me a very happy man, Kate!" "I said No!" cries Katharina. "No! No! No!" A lesser fellow than Petruchio would have run as Katharina threatens to hit him over the head, but Petruchio persists: "Such gentleness . . . such kindness . . . such goodness!"



When her father and Hortensio return, Katharina is furious to hear Petruchio say: "Father-in-law, Katharina and I are just made for one another." The amazed expressions of the two men amuses Petruchio, but Katharina, still beside herself with rage, tells her father he must be cruel and heartless if he agrees to her marrying Petruchio. "I never want to see him again!" she shouts. "My Kathar-in-ella is joking, of course," says Petruchio, smiling.

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WORLD OF STAMPS

EUROPA STAMPS FOR PEACE

EVERY year since 1956, certain European countries have issued special stamps dedicated to peace and co-operation among them.

To begin with, it was the six countries of the European Coal and Steel Community—Belgium, France, Italy, Luxembourg, The Netherlands and West Germany—which made the Europa issues. Except for differences in the currencies and the countries' names, all the 1956 Europa stamps had the same basic design.

In 1957 each country chose its own individual designs for the Europa issue,

but the following year they once again used the same design. The 10-pfennig value (depicted here) from West Germany

shows the dove of peace perched on the letter E as the symbol of European friendship.

During the summer of 1959, representatives of 19 European nations, Britain among them, met in Switzerland to form the Conference of European Posts and Telecommunications. Starting in 1960, almost all these countries have joined in the Europa issues.

The 20-pfennig stamp (pictured top right) is one of two just issued in West Germany as part of the 1963 series. The letters CEPT in the geometric design are the initials of the Conference. Nineteen countries have joined in this year's issue. Britain is not among them—but we have already had five other commemorative series this year.

by C. W. Hill

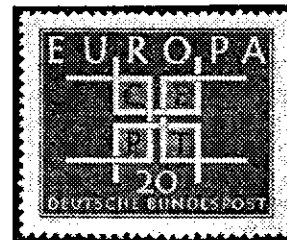
The idea of different countries issuing stamps in the same design is not new. Because of the close ties which unite the countries of the British Commonwealth, this "omnibus" type of issue can easily be organised among them.

One famous omnibus issue was made in 1946 to celebrate the Allied victory in the Second World War. Over 40 British territories

each issued stamps showing a view of the Houses of Parliament from across the River Thames.

Another popular issue of the same kind was that made to mark the Coronation of the Queen in June, 1953. The 2-cents value from the West Indian island of Dominica is reproduced here.

Almost every country in the world has joined in the omnibus



issue to celebrate the centenary of the International Red Cross. Most of the issuing countries have used their own designs, but over 30 British colonies have issued their stamps in the same basic design. It shows a large Red Cross and the Queen's portrait, with the

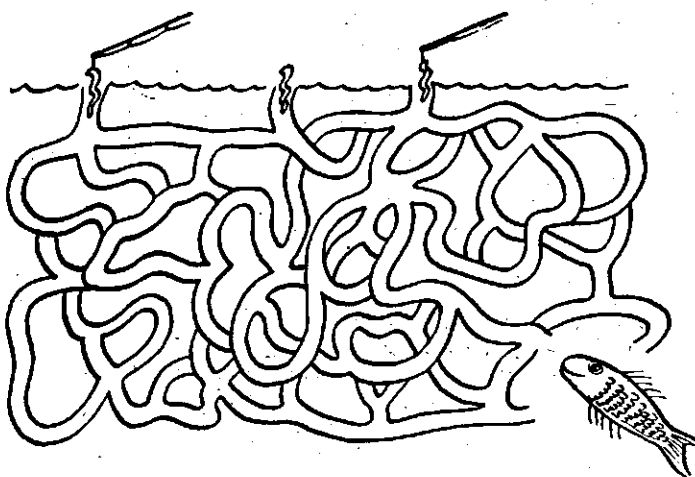


inscriptions in black or royal blue. The example pictured is the 3d. value from Ascension Island.

CONGRATULATIONS to the Newlands Road Philatelic Society, of Tunbridge Wells, which has just celebrated its tenth anniversary. Quite an achievement for a society whose members are almost all under sixteen years of age!

PICK A PUZZLE

TRACING A BAIT



CAN you trace the route the fish had to take to reach the worm not on the end of a fishing rod?

TRUE OR FALSE?

A SPIDER has eight legs.
Napoleon defeated the combined French-Spanish fleet at Trafalgar in 1805.
Snowdon is the highest mountain in the British Isles.

WORD SQUARE

The answer to the four clues will, if written below each other, read the same down as across.

To discover. Tidings.
It's a notion. To rush.

Answers to puzzles on page 12.

ATLAS JUMBLE

Three names to be found in an atlas have here been jumbled; but with the aid of the clues you should be able to sort them out.

RACE BARN Federal capital of Australia.

ROTTEN HARM Best-known Swiss mountain.

GAS SOARS Weed-strewn sea in the Atlantic Ocean.

SPECIALLY FOR SPOTTERS-8

You have probably seen these markings often, but can you say what they are?

The Children's Newspaper, 5th October, 1963

C N's fiction story

A CASTLE FOR THE KOPCHEKS

Our name is Kopchek, and there are four of us—Mama, Brad, Sandor and me (I'm Sondra). We left Europe after father died and came to live in Chadhaven but soon found we weren't wanted.

Now on my first day at school, during the interview with Miss Slant, the Deputy Head, I sensed this same feeling . . .

5. A Threatening Letter

Miss Slant turned out to be a portly woman who greeted me unsmilingly.

"Good morning," she said. "You're Sondra—Kopchek, is it?" People quite normally hesitate over our name because it is unusual, but the way Miss Slant hesitated had an unpleasantness about it. She knew my name and how to pronounce it all right.

I felt my lips tighten as I answered, "Yes, Miss Slant."

"You enter the school under most exceptional circumstances. You are fifteen, aren't you? That means you won't have much time here."

"Mama—my mother—hoped it would be long enough for me to get the General Certificate of Education in one or two subjects."

"I trust her hopes may be realised. If they're not, it won't be because of any lack of endeavour on the school's part."

"Nor on mine, Miss Slant."

The Deputy Head looked at me straight for a few moments. My answer may have sounded more pert than I meant it to, and that may have been the reason for her gaze.

She rearranged some papers on her desk, then she said: "Very well. That is all."

THE chilly unfriendliness of my reception at first made me want to run out of school. But this feeling soon passed when I remembered the friendliness of Miss Fraser, and the kindness of Dr. Haisman.

I saw him later in the morning, and we spoke of my hopes in obtaining the GCE in English, French, Mathematics—which I loathed—and Geography.

"It's a lot to cram in," said Dr. Haisman, "but I think you stand a very good chance of doing it." He paused for a few moments, and looked thoughtful. "Now, just one more thing before I send you back to work. While you are here, don't ever be discouraged or disheartened. There is, as I said before, some opposition to your being given places in the school—your brother and you. The best way to kill that opposition in the school is to do well. And that I'm sure you will do. I'm sure too, that you will make friends here. I hope you'll be happy. And now, my girl, back to your class. You've got a lot to get through and only a little time in which to do it."

I went back to class with a warm glow inside me. Dr. Haisman's words, Dr. Haisman himself with his kindness, had that effect on me, and the chill memory of Miss Slant was pushed into the background.

ON the way home that evening, Brad told me he had found the same thing that I had—friendly curiosity from most of the boys and girls with whom we came into contact. He had come

up against no equivalent to Miss Slant, but there were one or two senior boys—Brad was in the Middle School, a class higher than his age—who were friends or hangers-on of Philip Cranstone, and who eyed him with no welcome.

Sandor came limping eagerly towards us from the direction of the house, waving and smiling broadly. He had arrived home some 15 minutes before us and had been waiting impatiently ever since so that we could tell him all about our new school.

We started to tell him, and then had to begin all over again for Mama when we arrived indoors. Mama listened as she made the tea, smiling at our enthusiasm, being happy for us.

She did not smile much when Brad told her, laughing, of the Cranstone clique, who had eyed him with hostility. And it went altogether when I told her my impression of Miss Slant.

It was now that Brad's surprising sympathy and understanding, which I had noticed before, came to the surface again.

"Now, Mama," he said, "you mustn't worry. Sondra and I will do nothing to make things difficult. And also, above Cranstone and Miss Slant, there is Dr. Haisman."

She brightened. "You're right. Dr. Haisman is a good man. But I wonder why it is difficult for

by
James Stagg

some people to accept us?" She poured our tea as we sat round the table in our now comfortably furnished dining-room. "They will—if we only show them we like them and don't try too hard to make them like us."

I thought of the way I had snubbed Sheila Cranstone, and felt very mean with myself. Then I thought of the way Mr. Cranstone had been with Sandor, and of Philip Cranstone's insolent attitude to all of us, and my heart hardened again.

Sandor cut across my thoughts and the conversation.

"Some boys at my school call me Gimpey Chopstick," he said. "Do you know what Gimpey means, Mama?"

Mama shook her head and looked helplessly at me as she always did when some English idiom defeated her.

"It's a friend-name, perhaps?" she queried.

"A nickname, Mama," I said. "But I don't know what it means. Do you, Brad?"

He shook his head. "But I'll find out tomorrow. There's a boy I sit next to, called John Peters—I like him, I think he may be a friend—I'll ask him . . ."

Brad had now, of course, given up his afternoon job at the boat-yard, but we had made an arrangement with Mrs. Poplin for Brad



The letter was as bad as the bullets which had killed my father

and me to share the newspaper round, each of us delivering on alternate mornings. We planned to share the 30s., clubbing together to give Sandor his pocket money, and paying for our school dinners out of it. It eased the strain on Mama's purse.

We went to bed that night with the feeling that we had really taken another big step forward in our new life.

But the following morning a blow fell—a blow which was as unexpected as it was sinister.

BRAD was off on his paper round when I came downstairs just in time to see the letterbox flap open and a letter drop on to the mat. This was such a rare occasion in our house that I swooped on it excitedly. But as I picked up the envelope my excitement evaporated, and I felt uncertain, uneasy—almost frightened.

The envelope was addressed to "The Kopchek Family, 'Light View,' The Quay, Chadhaven." But the address was not written. All sorts of type had been cut from newspapers to make up the words. It looked most odd, and I turned the envelope over and over in my hands, wondering what it could be about.

Mama came into the hall as I stood looking at the envelope.

"A letter for us?" she called, coming towards me.

In silence I handed the envelope to her. She looked at the address for some moments before, with an almost angry movement, she tore the envelope open.

I stood there, watching her face, trying to read what she was feeling. I saw her mouth tighten, and an almost hurt look come into her eyes, as she read. Then she handed the letter to me.

It, also, was composed of letters of differing type cut from a newspaper. It read:

"To the Kopcheks. You are not wanted in Chadhaven. You are foreigners. We do not like you. We shall see that you leave. Why not go now, before you are forced? There will be trouble if you don't."

That was all. There was no signature, no sign from whom it had come and, to me, it was almost as bad as the bullets that had killed my father.

It had come from a place post-marked Minthampton.

"Mama," I said, "you should take it to the police."

Mama took the letter from me, her face thoughtful. "We don't want to make a fuss," she said. "If another comes, then I will take it to the police. But not this one—not now."

IT was during break that I heard it . . . As Sheila Cranstone and another girl walked slowly past. I heard Sheila say: " . . . and so Daddy took us all into Minthampton last night to see the Ice Show."

Her words burned on, confirming what I had thought—that one of the Cranstones had sent the letter.

Then at lunch time Sheila came and sat next to me in the Dining Hall, and before I could stop myself, I blurted out, "Why did you go to the trouble of sending such a hateful letter telling us to get out of Chadhaven or there'd be trouble? If you think you are going to turn suspicion from yourself by being nice in a sickly sort of way, then it won't work!"

Sheila looked at me, her eyes wide, her face troubled.

"You've had an anonymous

letter telling you and your family to get out of Chadhaven?" She paused, then added, "And you think one of my family sent it?"

"You know they have."

For the first time I saw Sheila really angry.

"I have taken all I am going to take from you, Sondra Kopchek," she said. Her voice was harsh.

"I've had rows at home because I have stood up for your family. I've tried to explain to your mother—who's sweet—about us. I've tried to make friends with you and have been rudely snubbed for my pains. Now—get this straight. None of my family would stoop so low as to send rotten anonymous letters. None of us have. If Daddy wants to get rid of you Kopcheks from being next door to us—or even being in Chadhaven at all—he can do it without the help of anonymous letters, believe me!"

I watched Sheila walk out of the hall, feeling a little breathless myself. Somehow I had an empty desolate feeling as I saw the door swing shut behind her. It was if Sheila herself had slammed the door against any possibility of our ever being friends. And I suddenly realised how much, deep down, I wanted to be friends with her.

IT wasn't until Brad and I were more than halfway home that evening that I was able to tell him what had happened. His friend John Peters, who lived not very far from us, walked most of the way with us. He and Brad were the same age, though John was taller and thinner, with an intelligent face and kind eyes. His talk and movements were gentle, and he wanted passionately to become a doctor. His father was a dustman, and I could well understand why Brad liked him. I liked him, too.

When he had gone, I told Brad about Sheila.

"I think you'd be right if you believed her!" he said, after thinking about it a bit. "But we should be warned by what she said about her father being able to get rid of us by other means . . ."

I was flooded with a feeling of relief the following morning, when no letters were delivered, and all day I had the niggling feeling that I wanted to say I was sorry to Sheila. If only she had given the slightest indication of warmth as she had previously, I would have gone to her and apologised. But she didn't, and I was too stiff-necked to make the first move.

IT was after school at netball that things really came to a head between us . . .

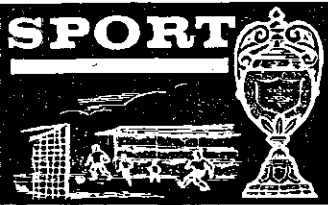
To be continued

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SPECIAL—
In Look and Learn
this week:
A JOURNEY
THROUGH
SOUTH AMERICA

Fully illustrated in colour and black and white, the story of this giant continent is told in a fascinating country-by-country journey.

The picture of the airship on the front page of CN this week is taken from the exciting series GREAT DISASTERS now being published in "Look and Learn."



Extras . . .

Athletics

The Great Britain and Northern Ireland team which competed in Russia last week, meets Hungary in Budapest this Wednesday and Thursday.

Baseball

The 100,000th match in the United States league (founded 92 years ago), has been played in Washington.

Cycling

Bob Addy of Buckinghamshire won the national amateur road-racing championship, over an 84-mile course in the Peak District of Derbyshire.

Golf

The British team for the Ryder Cup competition in the United States on 11th-13th October will wear a new outfit. Instead of blazers and slacks, the team will wear grey, light-weight suits.

Lawn Tennis

Ken Rosewall won the international professional indoor championship, at Wembley, for the fifth time when he beat fellow Australian Lew Hoad.

Rowing

Oxford University have ordered a new boat for the 1964 Boat Race.

Rugby

One of the features of the 75th anniversary celebrations next year of the South African Rugby Board, is likely to be a match between a World XV and the Rest.

Ski-ing

England and Scotland meet in an indoor ski-ing contest at London's Alexandra Palace on Saturday, 12th October. A giant 240-foot slope will be built at a cost of £9,000.

Soccer

Australia is to send a schoolboy team on a European tour for the first time. The boys, between 17 and 18 years, will start their tour in January.

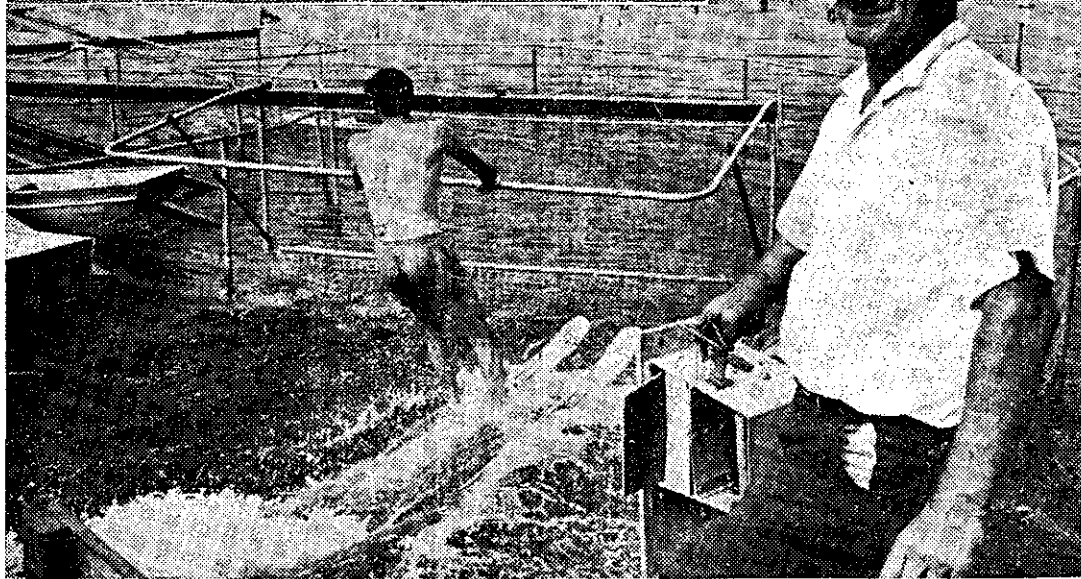
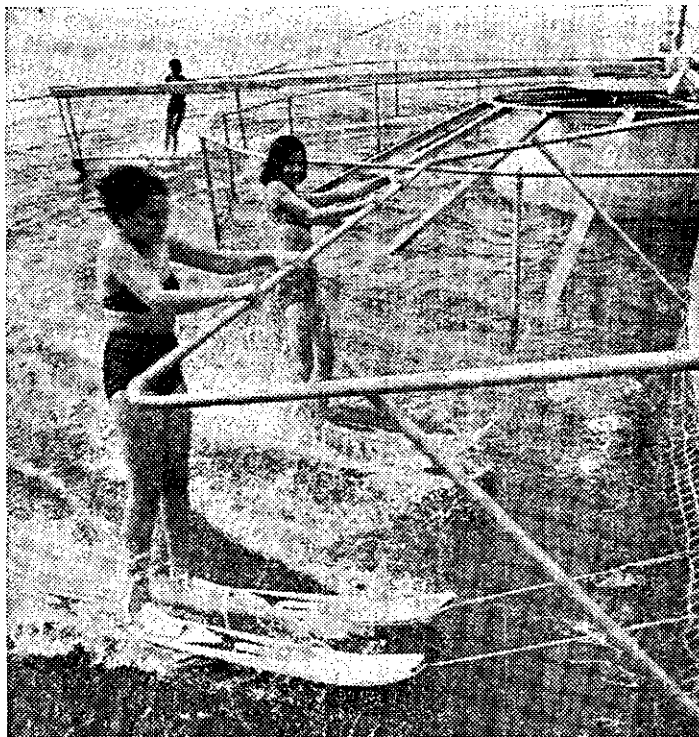
Tenpin Bowling

A Television International Bowling Tournament is to be held each Saturday afternoon for three months from 19th October.

University Games

In the World University Games, held in Brazil, Hungary collected the most medals—18 gold, 14 silver, and six bronze. Britain took four gold, six silver, and three bronze.

GOING AROUND ON WATER-SKIS



IT is not very easy to "keep your feet" on water-skis when being towed by a motor-boat, especially for beginners. And spills can be rather unpleasant. Here is an idea from New York which appears worthy of adoption generally.

It is a kind of roundabout on which beginners can learn the principles of water-ski-ing.

In the picture on the left, some beginners are holding on to a bar as the roundabout revolves and tows them along. As seen in the picture below, the roundabout is controlled by one man, who can increase or decrease speed as necessary. And if anyone does have a spill, there is a safety net to cling to.



ALL fishermen have their own favourite method, and one of the most popular is *ledgering*.

Let me say first of all that a float isn't used in ledgering, since the idea is to present the bait slap on the bottom.

Ledgering in still water requires two split-shots close together on your line. In actual fact you make up your tackle as normal, except for leaving off the float.

This *light* ledgering is very sensitive and you must be wide awake to catch fish. A sure sign

Specially written for C N
by Harvey Torbett

of a bite will be your line darting forward in the water, making distinct ripples on the surface.

You may miss a few at first, but you'll soon get the knack and find that light ledgering takes plenty of fish.

If you are fishing a stream or river, or in a wind strong enough to blow the free line about and confuse you, it is time to use a heavier weight to keep the bait in position.

There are many kinds of leads designed for this purpose. One of the better-known ones is the Arlesey Bomb, which is fitted with a swivel to prevent the line tangling.

Thread your line through the eye of the swivel and tie on your hook. To prevent the weight sliding down on to the hook, you'll have to fix a split-shot about 18 inches up your line, so that it acts as a stop for the weight. A fish taking your bait will be able to pull line freely through the eye of the swivel without feeling the weight itself.

With this *heavy* ledgering you will, of course, need to know when you have a bite.

Dough bait

In sluggish waters you can put a small piece of dough on the line between the reel and the butt ring. Let this hang down about eight inches from the butt. When a fish takes the hook, you will see the dough bobbing about, then rising as the line is drawn through the rings.

In fast waters you must fish a *tight* line—that is, reeling in all slack so that the line between the weight and the rod tip is tight. Then *feel* your line for the pluck of a taking fish.

Once again you'll miss a fish or two at first, but keep trying. Ledgering brings fine rewards.

NEXT WEEK: *Luring Dace and Chub.*

JUST A GAME OF CRICKET

Although the cricket season officially ended a few weeks ago, you can still go on playing—whatever the weather. For here is a game which can be played almost anywhere—indoors or out; in a train or in a plane; in the lounge or round the camp fire. All you need are a pen or pencil, plain paper, and a book, magazine, or newspaper.

Choose a sentence from the reading matter. Each letter in it will count as a ball bowled and is worth runs or a wicket. Decide on the value (in runs) of the letters before play starts. Vowels appear so often that they should score only a single run; consonants should be counted as two, although some of the less frequently used might count more. For instance, J, K, and Q might

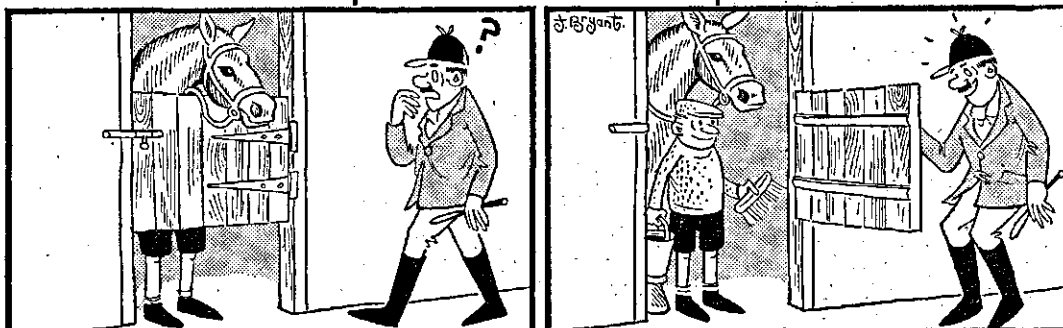
be worth three runs, while X, Y, and Z could be regarded as boundaries (four runs). You can make your own rules about scoring. There are, however, four letters which "take wickets"—B for bowled; C, caught; R, run out; and S, stumped. Before the game begins you must name the players in your side, perhaps your County or your local team.

Then the innings can begin, with each batsman receiving six balls (letters) an over.

Take as an example these words from a newspaper: "Police were told in an anonymous phone call". The first batsman thus has: P (2 runs) O (1) L (2) I (1) C (caught) = total 6 runs. The second batsman begins with the remaining letter in the word—E—which gives him one run. He continues with W (2) E (1) R (run-out) = total 3. And so it goes on until each batsman is out and the side has completed its innings. Then it is the turn of the opposing side.

Remember, it is a game in which the rules can be changed to suit those who play it.

ALL-ROUND ALFIE



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

Crossword Puzzle (P. 3): ACROSS: 1 Inlet. 4 Miracle. 8 Lincoln. 9 Voice. 10 Gilt. 11 Acrobat. 12 Lagoon. 14 Mellow. 18 Dilated. 20 Inner. 21 Grasp. 22 Unusual. 23 Transit. 24 Elder. DOWN: 1 Illegal. 2 Longing. 3 Trout. 4 Manual. 5 Reverie. 6 Climb. 7 Erect. 13 Octopus. 15 Languid. 16 Warbler. 17 Adjust.

18 Digit. 19 Llama. 20 Inure. (P. 10): True or False? True. False—it was Nelson. False—Ben Nevis.

Atlas Jumble: Can-FIND. Sargasso. Matterhorn.

Specially For Spotters —8: Train Ferry van identification marks.

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